

## DULCIS MEMORIA.

Long, long ago I heard a little song—  
Ah, was it long ago, or yesterday?  
So slowly, slowly, flowed the tune along  
That far into my heart it found the way.  
A melody consoling and endearing  
And still in silent hours, I'm often hearing  
The small sweet song that does not die  
away.

Long, long ago I saw a little flower—  
Ah, was it long ago, or yesterday?  
So fair of face and fragrant for an hour,  
That something dear it seemed to me to  
say.

A thought of joy that blossomed into being  
Without a word; and now I'm often seeing  
The friendly flower that does not fade  
away.

Long, long ago we had a little child—  
Ah, was it long ago, or yesterday?  
So little, so helpless, and so dear,  
Into his mother's eyes and mine he smiled  
Unconscious love; warm in our arms he  
lay.

An angel called! Dear heart, we could not  
hold him.  
Yet secretly your arms and mine enfold  
him.  
Our little child who does not go away.

Long, long ago—ah, memory, keep it clear!  
It was not long ago, but yesterday.  
So little, so helpless, and so dear,  
Let not the song be lost, the flower decay!  
His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleep-  
ing;  
The smallest things are safest in thy keep-  
ing.

Sweet memory, keep our child with us al-  
way.  
—Henry van Dyke, in Christian Work.

The Man Behind  
the Bushes

By THOMAS P. MONTFORT

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

A MAN and a woman walked slowly  
up and down in a quiet corner of a  
city park. A little to one side another  
man, bloated and bleary-eyed, crouched  
in the shadow of a clump of bushes.  
Presently the man and woman stopped  
and stood facing each other.

"No, John, we must not think of that,"  
the woman was saying. "It can never  
be."

"Why can't it be, Ann?" the man asked.  
"Why do you say it can never be?"

"Because it is true," she replied,  
wearily.

"Why should it be true, Ann? You  
know I love you."

She made no reply, and after a moment  
he added, more softly:

"And I know you love me."  
Still she was silent, but her head  
drooped and a flame of color swept up to  
her face. If there had been any doubt in  
his mind there was no reason for it to re-  
main there longer.

"My darling," he said, gently, "you are  
all the world to me, and I will not rest  
until you let me try to make you happy.  
You love me. Why won't you be my  
wife?"

She looked up at him appealingly, but  
there was a light of joy in her eyes. He  
looked at her and waited, and after a long  
time she said, in tones low and soft:

"You forget, John. You should not  
say such things. It is wrong."

"Wrong to tell you that I love you?"  
he cried. "Wrong to want you for my  
own?"

"Yes. You know you have no right."  
"But I have. When a man and a woman  
love each other as we love, there is no  
reason why they should not marry and  
make each other happy."

"In our case there is a reason, John."  
The man shrugged his shoulders im-  
patiently.

"You think there is," he said, "but  
there is not. That other—the only one  
who could come between us—is dead.  
You know what we heard. He was killed  
in a railroad accident."

The man behind the bushes whistled  
softly.

"So that is the report, is it?" he said to  
himself. "Well, it's news to me."

Ann was silent for a little while, then  
she said, slowly:

"I know; but that report may not be  
true. No one can tell."

"But everybody believes it is true,"  
John urged. "There is no reason to  
doubt it."

"I know," she repeated. "I believe it,  
too. But suppose it should turn out that  
it is not true? Suppose I should listen to  
you, and then that other should come  
back? Don't you see?"

"Yes; but he will never come, Ann.  
If he was living you would have heard  
from him before this."

"I might; but I don't know."

He walked backward and forward for  
a minute or two, then he stopped in front  
of her.

"Ann," he said, "if you have any doubts  
of your being free, there are the courts.  
They—"

She shook her head.

"I have nothing to say against that  
other," he went on; "but I know you have  
led a sad life. You have suffered bit-  
terly."

She raised her head till her eyes met  
his. There was admiration and tender-  
ness in her look.

"You are too generous to say what you  
think, John," she said, "but I know.  
You think I owe that other nothing.  
Everybody thinks that. He married me  
for my money, and when he had got it  
and squandered it all, he went away and  
left me to get along the best I could."

She paused, but he said nothing. After  
a little she went on, almost sadly:

"I was left alone in the world, and I  
had no friends, and it was all so dark.  
Then you came into my life, and you  
were so kind and considerate and help-  
ful. You helped me to find a way to live,  
and—"

"Never mind all that, Ann," he inter-  
rupted. "It is nothing. 'If I have your  
love that repays me a thousand times  
over for all I have done for you. And I  
know you do love me, Ann. You do not  
say so, but I know it is true.'"

She hesitated for a moment; then she  
said, steadily:

"Yes, it is true, John. I do love you.  
I love you with all my heart and soul.  
It may be wrong, but if it is I cannot help  
it. It would hardly be in human nature

not to love you after all you have done  
for me."

The man behind the bushes chuckled  
softly.

"That ought to be worth a good bit of  
money to me," he told himself.

John's face lighted up with a great  
happiness, and impulsively he held out  
his arms to her. But she did not come to  
them.

"No, John, not that," she said. "You  
forget that I am a wife."

His arms dropped and the light of hap-  
piness in his face gave place to an ex-  
pression of disappointment.

"I forget everything," he answered,  
"save our love for each other. I thank  
God that you do love me, and that you  
have told me so. It will be a comfort to  
me in the years to come."

He paused for a moment, then added,  
almost vehemently:

"But why can't you be reasonable,  
Ann, and make us both happy? You  
have suffered enough. You owe it to  
yourself to get some good out of life."

"I know," she replied, wearily.

"Then why not do it? I will devote my  
whole life to you. You shall never want  
for anything. You shall never suffer for  
one moment if I can help it."

She slowly shook her head, and more  
slowly answered:

"No, John; it can never be."  
He drew a long sigh.

"Then nothing I can do," he said, "will  
change you?"

"Nothing," she answered, "unless you  
can prove that I am free."

"I cannot do that," he replied.

"Then we must part. It will be best  
for both. Perhaps in time you may meet  
another who can make you forget."

"And you?"

"I shall always be what I am now."

"All your life you will suffer for the  
sake of one who—"

"No; for the sake of my conscience."

He looked at her a long time in silence,  
then he said, slowly and sadly:

"It is hard to give you up, Ann, but I  
suppose I must. To deny love is almost  
as cruel as death. Good-by."

He extended his hand and she placed  
hers in it. He looked at her inquiringly,  
and she understood. Blushing scarlet  
she lifted her face, and in a moment he  
had kissed her.

The man behind the bushes chuckled  
again.

"That ought to be worth a thousand  
dollars," he thought. "He loves her and  
he'll pay it to save her good name."

John turned away and walked out of  
the park. As he passed the clump of  
bushes the man hiding there caught a  
sight of his face. It was the first time he  
had seen it. The wretch sank back with  
a little smothered cry, and his hand went  
to his heart.

"My God!" he thought; "it is him—the  
best friend I ever had! The man who  
almost sacrificed his own life to save  
mine!"

Ann watched John until he passed out  
of sight, then she sank down to the  
ground and poured her grief out in tears.

"Oh, my dear love!" she moaned. "I  
have lost you, and I shall never be happy  
again. Never, never, in this world."

It was sadly pathetic, and it touched  
the man behind the bushes.

After awhile she arose and stood  
looking about her. It was far into the  
night, and all around there was silence.  
Presently, in a low voice, she cried:

"It is cruelly hard that I should have  
to make this great sacrifice for one who  
does not care when I have sacrificed so  
much for him already. But I must do it,  
though my heart breaks, for if he still  
lives, he is my husband, and once I loved  
him."

She walked away, and when she was  
at a safe distance the man behind the  
bushes stirred and drew a long breath.  
Then he got upon his feet and stood a  
long time in a thoughtful attitude.

"And once I loved him!" he slowly re-  
peated, finally breaking the silence. "It  
is true. She did love me, but I killed that  
love. I was drunk, always drunk, and  
God alone knows what I made her suf-  
fer!"

He was silent again for a little while  
after which he added: "And he saved my  
worthless life once when he knew that  
I stood between him and her. He is  
a good man, and she is a good woman,  
and they deserve to be happy. And they  
would be but for me. But—for me!"

He hesitated a little longer, then he  
turned from the park and went slowly  
off down a quiet, dark street. On one  
side of the town there was a river, and  
his steps led in that direction.

"He was the best friend I ever had,"  
he said to himself, sadly, "and she—God  
knows I did love her—that I love her yet  
—with all my heart and soul. But I am  
so weak, so weak! If I had only been a  
man with a man's strength!"

He walked a block or two, then he broke  
into a little mirthless laugh.

"I came to demand money of her," he  
thought, "and now—well this is better.  
It will be one manly thing I have done,  
anyway. It will be a sacrifice for him  
and her—for friendship and love. It is  
not much for me to give, but it means  
much for them. It is best."

The next day his body was found in  
the river. People said there had been an  
accident—that a drunken wretch had  
fallen into the water and drowned—and  
Ann and John believed it. They never  
suspected that that man could be capable  
of so great a sacrifice. It was well they  
did not.

**Provocation.**

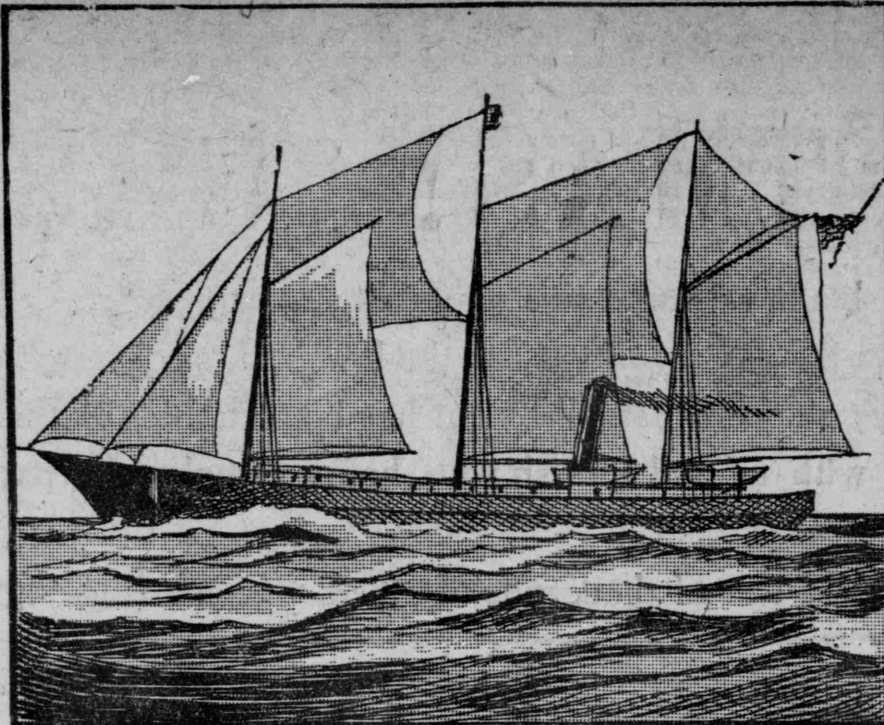
"I admit that I hit the plaintiff," said  
Subbubs, "and I'd do it again if—"

"Come! Come!" interrupted the  
magistrate, "don't talk that way."

"Judge, I was down in my cellar last  
night trying to coax the furnace to give  
out some heat. In the midst of my work  
the bell rang and I had to answer it.  
When I opened the door this man  
stepped in and tried to sell me a patent  
fire—extinguisher!" — Philadelphia  
Press.

**Nora and Josepha Blasek, two girls  
who are joined the same manner as  
were the Siamese twins, recently ar-  
rived in England from Germany.**

## WILL CARRY PEARY TO THE POLE.



The specially designed ship in which Lieut. Peary and his party will begin their quest for the north pole is being built at Verona, Me. The architecture of the ship embraces the good qualities of all the vessels used in polar explorations.

## THE SPELLING OF KANSAS.

Historian Hale's Account of the  
Early Habit of Introduc-  
ing a "Z."

E. A. Kilian, of Alma, Kan., recently  
wrote to Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the  
eminent minister and historian, who at  
the advanced age of 82 is still an active  
man, says the Kansas City Journal. The  
Kansas gentleman wished to know more  
about a historical statement made by Dr.  
Hale. The reply is published in the Alma  
Enterprise, and from it we quote as fol-  
lows:

"The great American authority about  
all these things was Gayarre. It was he  
whom the state of Louisiana sent to  
Spain and France. I had the pleasure  
of meeting him in 1876, when he was  
well and strong. But I do not know  
what became of his collection of papers.  
It was he who discovered in Spain the  
absolute evidence that our Gen. James  
Wilkinson was in the pay of the Span-  
ish government, from whom he received  
\$3,000 a year while he was in the service  
of the United States. When my mug-  
wump friends talk to me about the  
purity of our early government I am  
fond of asking them to beat this trans-  
action if they can."

The discovery to which Dr. Hale al-  
ludes proved conclusively that which  
had been suspected of Gen. Wilkinson  
for several years before he was dismissed  
from the American army in 1815. He  
was mixed up in a conspiracy to form a  
southwestern republic under the protec-  
tion of Spain and Spain was regularly  
paying him a pension or a subsidy while  
he was holding a position of responsibil-  
ity in the United States army. It will  
be remembered that Aaron Burr declared  
that Wilkinson was a party to the suc-  
cession scheme, but a court-martial trial  
held in 1811 did not regard the proof as  
conclusive, and Wilkinson was acquitted  
only to be dismissed on another charge  
four years later.

In commenting on one of the letters  
written in territorial days by the late  
John J. Ingalls, the Journal noted that  
Ingalls spelled the name of the territory  
"Kansas" and the opinion was expressed  
that he had been reading the historical  
works of Edward Everett Hale, who fol-  
lowed that spelling. Speaking of this  
circumstance, Dr. Hale says:

"We fought our fights for spelling  
Kansas with a 'z' because those early  
writers spelled it Kanches, and the state  
of Arkansas had already committed  
itself to the 's.' I did not give it up until  
the state of Kansas adopted the 's.' I  
still think it would have been better to  
make as much distinction as was possi-  
ble. You know they think it means  
men. This implies that all the men are  
Kansans."

## Scientific Inquiry.

Congressman Hemenway, of Iowa,  
tells with glee how an eminent eastern  
scientist was discomfited while lectur-  
ing in an interior town of the Hawke-  
eye state. The scientific man, at the  
conclusion of a lecture which he had  
been delivering, announced that he  
would gladly answer any question in  
order to elucidate such points as might  
need clearing up. In the audience was  
an inveterate joker—a tall, gaunt man  
with an anxious, careworn look. The  
joker arose and in solemn tones an-  
nounced that he had a question.

The lecturer bowed. "I shall be only  
too happy to reply to it, sir," said he.

The tall man cleared his throat, and  
then in a loud voice said: "I would  
take it as a considerable favor if you  
would tell me whether science has pro-  
duced any remedy for warts."—Cleve-  
land Plain Dealer.

## Stern Censorship.

Picture postcards are subjected to  
stern censorship in some continental  
countries. In Russia those bearing the  
portrait of Tolstol have been sup-  
pressed. Turkey forbids any postcard  
bearing the name of Allah or Muham-  
med or the portrait of a Musselman.  
France will not permit the designer to  
ridicule the corpulence of the king of  
Portugal.

## Too Much for Him.

Highwayman—How much money have  
you got?  
Holdup—I couldn't guess.  
"You can't guess the amount?"

"No."  
"Then give it up."—Cleveland Plain  
Dealer.

## Likes to Be Rejected.

Richly—I wish I were you.  
Poorly—Why, for goodness sake?  
"Why, you can have the fun of pro-  
posing to every girl you meet and be  
sure of being refused."—Chicago  
Chronicle.

## IN THE SWEET CORN BELT

Scenes in a Cannery Where Rugged,  
Women and Wonderful  
Machines Work.

At Paxton, Ill., where sweet corn is  
grown, an all-day procession of high-  
boxed farm wagons crosses to the can-  
ning factory. At the receiving platform  
the loads of swollen ears are stripped of  
husks by strong-armed women. The  
winds from the prairie have united with  
the muscle-taxing work to give the  
women rugged health.

Two amazons run across the platform  
with the filled basket, and the white  
ears are dumped on a moving platform  
and carried past sharp eyes that watch  
for silks and shredded skipped by the husk-  
ers. In long lines the army of fragrant  
ears marches into a series of small  
openings, around which are revolving  
knives that close down, cutting the ker-  
nels off.

Hoppers receive the bleeding corn,  
heating it slightly. Cans came forward  
by fours to be lifted to the hopper and  
filled even full by a human-like thing  
of steel, which next brushed off and  
dried the tops, touching the edges with  
acid, moving the can always forward so  
carefully as not to let one drop of the  
juice escape.

A steel finger set a tin cap over the  
top; the can moved on, to red-hot hands  
that rested a moment on the newly laid  
cap. When they lifted, the cap was  
soldered solid. A tongue of flame struck  
the pinhole in the cap's center, a drop  
of solder fell where the hot breath  
struck and the sealing was finished.

A man and a woman looked over each  
can to see that the automatic thing had  
done its work; steam-heated ovens took  
in the harvest, held it an hour at 240 de-  
grees and delivered it ready for the win-  
ter dinner.

The farms for miles around this point  
are planted to sweet corn. The capacity  
of the plant is several hundred thou-  
sand cans a day.

## ON THE THIBETAN BORDER

Efforts of American Women Mission-  
aries to Reach the Sacred  
City of Lhasa.

Only two white women have ever  
reached a point anywhere near Lhasa.  
The extraordinary adventures of Miss  
Annie Taylor have been graphically re-  
lated by herself, says the Christian  
Evangelist. That lady has known what  
it was to fight for her life while un-  
der arrest at a distance of only three  
days' journey from the sacred city.  
Her diary is one of the most romantic  
recitals written by any traveler.

But during the last few years our  
own missionary, Dr. Susie Rijnhardt,  
has managed to reach considerably  
nearer still to Lhasa. She and her  
husband, Mr. Pertus Rijnhardt, went  
on an evangelistic mission near  
Thibet, where they actively engaged  
in distributing portions of the Bible  
translated into Thibetan. Mr. Rijn-  
hardt was ambushed and is supposed  
to have been killed. The lonely wife  
almost miraculously managed to travel  
back to the borders of western China,  
undergoing a series of almost unparal-  
leled hardships, and going home to  
America to tell a wonderful story,  
which thrilled great audiences.

She is now back on the borders of  
Thibet, determined to give the rest  
of her life to the land where she  
lost, not only her husband, but also  
an infant son, who was born during  
their missionary journey in the  
strange land.

## Frequently Reminded.

"Dear, do you remember the poems  
you used to write to me?" asked the  
bride, sentimentally. "Do you ever  
think of them now?"

"Oh, yes," said hubby, tearing open  
a bulky envelope and glancing mourn-  
fully at a printed slip inclosed. "Often  
—almost daily—they come back to me  
even now."

And he sighed and she sighed.—  
Cleveland Leader.

## Farm Labor in Sweden.

There is a special class of farm labor-  
ers in Sweden who are given so many  
acres of land for their own use, in con-  
sideration of doing a certain amount of  
labor during the year for the owner of  
the farm. They are a sort of fixture to  
an estate, and their equal exists in no  
other country.

## In the Clouds Before.

"Going to Niagara falls? I thought  
you were there in your wedding trip."  
"So I was. I want to go and see the  
falls now that I can take some interest in  
it."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## "GIMLETS" BORED THEM.

Book of Conceited Author Lacked  
Popularity with the Read-  
ing Public.

Though Robert W. Chambers is a popu-  
lar author, he will rarely talk about  
his books, says a literary exchange.  
"I hate literary conceit," he said the  
other day. "If an architect builds a  
good house, his friends, on account of it,  
don't regard him as a god, and he doesn't  
regard himself as a god. The same with  
an engineer. If he builds a good bridge  
it is in the day's work, and that is all  
there is about it. But if a man writes  
a good book, why, then there must be  
genius in him, and before this genius he  
himself, as well as all the world, must  
bow down. Rot."

"Literary conceit is distasteful to me,"  
Mr. Chambers said, "and I like to see it  
taken down. It was well taken down in  
the case of a New York man recently.  
He has written a novel, 'Gimlets,' and  
the public libraries have put this book  
on their shelves. The man called at one  
of the libraries to find out how his work  
was going with the public. He hoped to  
have his vanity tickled a little."

"Is 'Gimlets' in?" he said to the li-  
brarian.

"It never was out," was the reply.

## Reads Like a Miracle.

Moravia, N. Y., Dec. 12th.—(Special)—  
Bordering on the miraculous is the case  
of Mrs. Benj. Wilson, of this place. Suf-  
fering from Sugar Diabetes, she wasted  
away till from weighing 200 lbs. she  
barely tipped the scales at 130 lbs. Dodd's  
Kidney Pills cured her. Speaking of her  
cure her husband says:

"My wife suffered everything from  
Sugar Diabetes. She was sick four years  
and doctored with two doctors, but re-  
ceived no benefit. She had so much pain  
in her back that she could not rest day  
or night. The doctor said that she could  
not live."

"Then an advertisement led me to try  
Dodd's Kidney Pills and they helped her  
right from the first. Five boxes of them  
cured her. Dodd's Kidney Pills were a  
God-Sent remedy to us and we recom-  
mend them to all suffering from Kidney  
Disease."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney  
Diseases, including Bright's Disease, and  
all kidney aches, including Rheumatism.

There is something fine in the bravery  
of a new father who carries a baby  
through the streets in his arms.—Atch-  
inson Globe.

## Guaranteed Mining Investments.

We are the largest mine operators in  
the West, and cordially invite you to  
write for prospectus and full particulars  
about our nine associated companies,  
which have joined in forming our In-  
vestor's Guarantee Association, with \$5-  
100,000 capital to guarantee all our in-  
vestors against loss. Write for free in-  
formation and be convinced. Arbuckle-  
Goode Commission Company, 325 Olive  
Street, St. Louis, Mo.

The United States has granted 3,500 pa-  
tents to women, but as yet there is no  
device for keeping a hat on straight.—  
Milwaukee Sentinel.

To Cure a Cold in One Day  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All  
druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.  
E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

The empty head needs a haughty air.—  
Chicago Tribune.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infalli-  
ble medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W.  
Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

To proffer a small sum as a bribe is an  
insult.—Chicago Daily News.

Nothing  
is so sensitive to cold as a  
nerve and this is the cause of  
Neuralgia



St. Jacobs Oil

by friction and penetration warms,  
soothes and cures the worst  
cases. Price 25c. and 50c.

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STOCK AND ALL FAMILY USES  
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tive Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia in  
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cure of Rheumatism and many testimonials. These capsules destroy the cause of the disease.  
CURE MUST FOLLOW. Price by Mail, \$1.00; 6 Boxes for \$5.00.  
Manufactured by CERRODANIE CO., Decatur, Ill. For sale by T. P. TAYLOR & CO., Third and  
Jefferson Sts., Louisville, Ky. AGENTS WANTED. Cut this ad. out as it may not appear again.

A. N. K.—E 2082